

**A STAGGERING BARRAGE OF ANTI-HEROIC
LEGERDEMAIN BY DENNIS P. EICHORN**

No. 2

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Recommended for Mature Readers

REAL STUFF



**WILLIAMS • SHAW
DOUGAN • GREGORY**

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

**Special Guest:
CHARLES BUKOWSKI**

OUR READERS
TELL IT LIKE IT IS...



TAKE CHARLES BUKOWSKI
FOR EXAMPLE...

REAL MAIL

12/12/90

Well, Eichhorn:

I see you depicted me as a guy with white hair and beard in your comic strip in *REAL STUFF*. Well, now maybe it's good for the Season. I can go as Santa Claus, pick up a few bagels ringing my silver balls. As per being "terrified of people." I am terrified that they will dull me with their unoriginal blather. You have no idea how many strangers want to come in and drink with me but I find I'm my own best company when it comes to guzzling and I generally do it alone and well and fully. I don't care to have my intoxication sullied and moiled by others. I did plenty of time in the bars and alleys, that shit gets old. Tell your friends that I have nothing against them except that they belong to the human race.

lucky new year, kid,



the flashing of the odds
by Charles Bukowski

parking lot attendant, Bobby, was on the light side, wise-cracking, laughing, was good at it, some originality. myself sometimes being down listening to Bobby brought me up.

didn't see him for 3 weeks, asked the other attendants but they didn't know or made things up.

drove in there today and there was Bobby, his uniform wrinkled, he was standing there while the others worked.

approached him and he seemed to recognize me, then spoke: "got all stressed out driving here, it took me 3 hours!"

he wasn't laughing, had fattened considerably, his belt buckle unfastened, I buckled him up, he had a beard, grey and stiff, long strands sticking up and out, his hair greyed, face utterly wrinkled, eyes stuck in a backwash, 30 years gone in 3 weeks.

"good to see you, Bobby."

"yeah, sure, when you going to buy this place?"

he was talking about the racetrack.

I walked across the lot and into the track, took the escalator up, reached top floor, walked toward the service stand. Betty saw me and got my coffee poured.

"you ready for a big day?" she asked.

"I'm ready for any kind of day."

"you come here to win, don't you?"

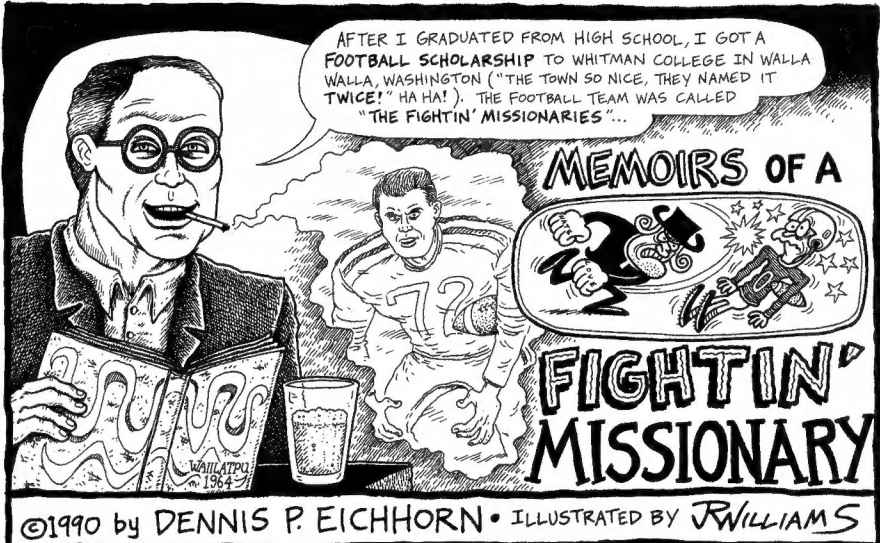
"I come here not to lose."

I took my coffee to a seat facing the toteboard. the odds flashed, I sat down spilling a shot of coffee on my hand.

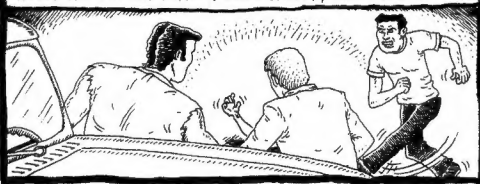
"shit," I said.

and the day went on.

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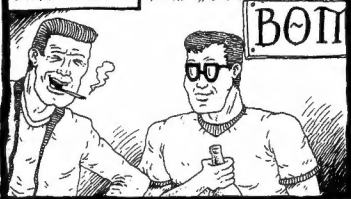
IN WALLA WALLA, THE MOST POPULAR PASTIME FOR THE TOWN TOUGHS WAS "WHITTY-BASHING": A CARLOAD OF YOUNG DRUNKS WOULD PULL UP ALONGSIDE THE CAMPUS, AND A CREW WOULD HOP OUT AND BEAT UP SOME UNLUCKY WHITMAN STUDENT.



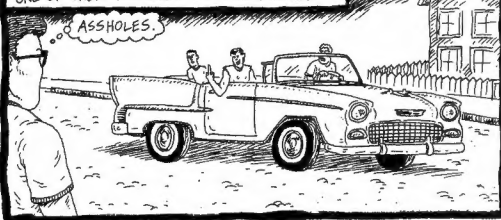
...THEN THEY'D PILE BACK IN & RACE AWAY.

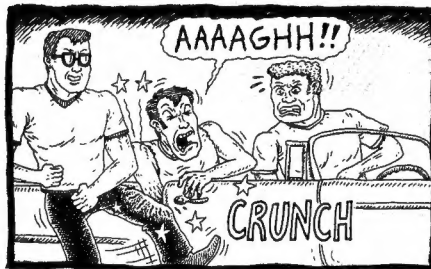
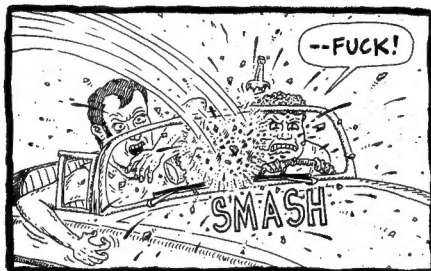
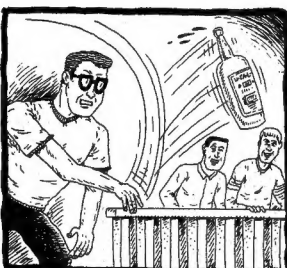


ONE DAY DURING RUSH WEEK, I WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE BETA THETA PI HOUSE, DRINKING WINE.



...A '55 CHEVY CONVERTIBLE FULL OF "TOWNIES" DROVE BY-- ONE OF THEM FLAGGED US THE FINGER...





LATER THAT NIGHT, I WAS IN A DORM ROOM DRINKING BEER WITH MY PAL BILL...

FOOTBALL'S TAUGHT ME ONE THING -- IF YOU RUN AHEAD IN A STRAIGHT LINE AS HARD AS YOU CAN... YOU GET MONEY FOR IT.

HEY!!

WE HEARD SHOUTS IN THE STREET, & LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW...

...A '40 FORD 2-DOOR SEDAN WAS PARKED ASKEW IN THE STREET...

--I'M TALKIN' TO YOU, WHITTY ASSHOLE!!

... TWO "TOWNIES" GOT OUT. ONE OF THEM ATTACKED A "WHITTY" WHO WAS WALKING WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND.

THINK FAST, MOTHERFUCKER!

HUH? HUH? HUH?

HELP!

OWW!

KLUD

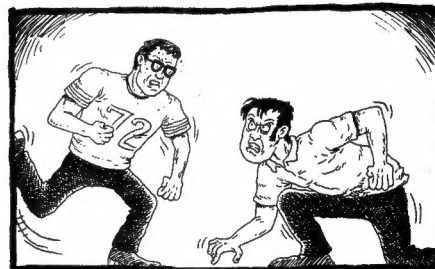
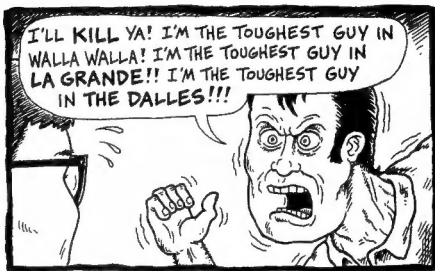
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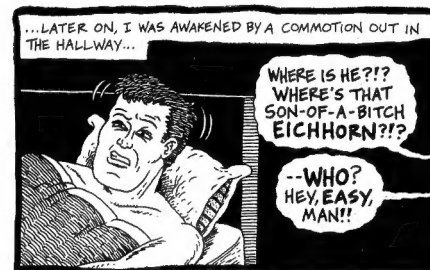
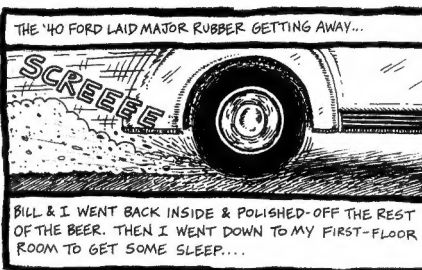
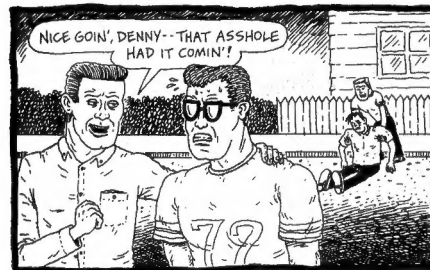
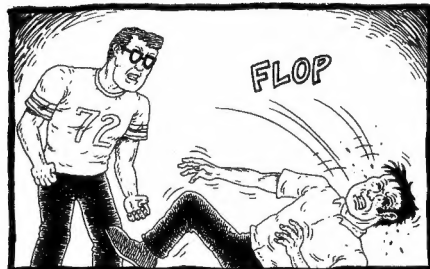
THUMP

UH-OH.

LET'S GO!

HE WAS BIG -- SIX-TWO & HEFTY, WITH A BAD-LOOKING DUCKTAIL HAIRCUT.





I SHUT & LOCKED THE DOOR, PULLED ON MY PANTS AND DOVE OUT THE WINDOW JUST AS THE DOOR CRASHED OPEN... THE GUY WITH THE GUN YELLED AT MY ROOMMATE...

THIS IS IT EICHORN!

WHA-? I'M NOT EICHORN!!

I RACED TO A NEARBY APARTMENT WHERE A FRIEND LIVED. I TOLD HIM WHAT WAS GOING ON, SO HE LET ME SLEEP IN HIS ATTIC...

THANKS.

DENNIS, HOW YOU ALWAYS MANAGE TO GET INTO SHIT UP TO YOUR NECK, I'LL NEVER KNOW.

SCRITCH

THE NEXT MORNING, MY FRIEND SHOWED ME THE NEWSPAPER...

SMOOTH MOVE, "ACE"

WASH & BULLA
DAILY BULLETIN
SAVAGE BEATING ON
WHITMAN CAMPUS
SPK TO DALLAS VIS

...I LEARNED THAT I'D PUT STEVE STOCKWELL IN THE HOSPITAL, AND THAT HIS FATHER GUS HAD BEEN ARRESTED FOR ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY WEAPON AT MY DORM...

YOU'D BETTER TURN YOURSELF IN.

GIMME A CUP OF COFFEE.

IT WENT AGAINST MY GRAIN, BUT I AGREED... MY FRIEND GAVE ME A RIDE TO THE POLICE STATION.

I TOLD THE DESK SERGEANT WHY I WAS THERE... HE PUT ME IN AN INTERROGATION ROOM...

12

...WITHIN AN HOUR I WAS JOINED BY THE CHIEF OF POLICE, A CAPTAIN OF DETECTIVES, & THE WHITMAN MEN'S COUNSELOR.

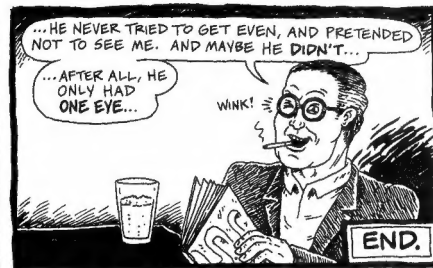
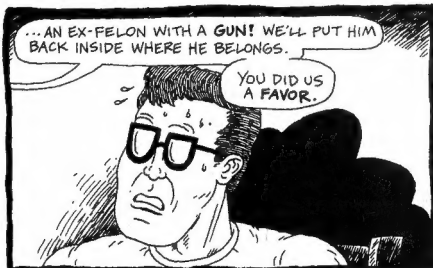
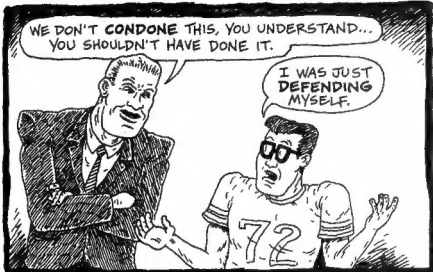
THIS IS AN UNUSUAL SITUATION, EICHORN... STEVE STOCKWELL HAS BEEN A PAIN IN THE ASS FOR A LONG TIME...

...HE AND HIS FRIENDS ARE NOTHING BUT TROUBLE, AND WE THINK HE GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM.

THAT'S RIGHT...

...HE'S HURT PEOPLE HIMSELF, MORE THAN ONCE.

...I TALKED TO HIM IN THE HOSPITAL, & HE'S SCARED TO DEATH OF YOU.



The Goeist

PHILOSOPHY

BY
DENNIS P.
EICHHORN
MICHAEL
DOUGAN

Capitola
Joe's

WHEN I FIRST CAME TO JOE, I KNEW NOTHING. TRUE, I HAD TENDED BAR BEFORE, BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHY I WAS DOING IT. I WAS JUST GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS...

WAS WORKING IN A SMALL TAVERN IN MOSCOW, IDAHO, WHEN I GOT THE CALL...

TOOK THE NEXT PICKUP TRUCK TO CALIFORNIA.

WAVED GOODBYE TO MY RIDE AND WALKED INSIDE. 15 MINUTES LATER I WAS PUMPING BEER.

CAPITOLA JOE'S WAS A LOCAL HANGOUT, BUT THERE WAS ALSO A TOURIST CROWD...

MY OLD FRIEND PAT WAS MANAGING A RESTAURANT IN CAPITOLA, NEAR SANTACRUZ, CALIFORNIA. HE SAID THAT BUSINESS WAS BOOMING.

HEY DENNY!
I NEED HELP
BEHIND THE
BAR...CAN
YOU COME IN?

COUNT ON IT!

HELLO?

TWO DAYS LATER, I SAW IT:
CAPITOLA JOE'S.

IT WAS EARLY AFTERNOON ON A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER DAY. THE PACIFIC OCEAN WAS A FRISBEE-THROW AWAY...

LATER THAT NIGHT I MOVED INTO PAT'S NEARBY HOUSE

YOU
CAN PUT
YOUR STUFF
IN HERE

WE SAT AND TALKED, AND HE TOLD ME ABOUT JOE.



JOE, THE RESTAURANT'S OWNER, WAS A GOURMET CHEF OF CATJUN DESCENT. HE'D TAKEN A 15-YEAR LEASE ON THE PLACE, WHICH HAD FORMERLY BEEN A BIKER'S BAR.



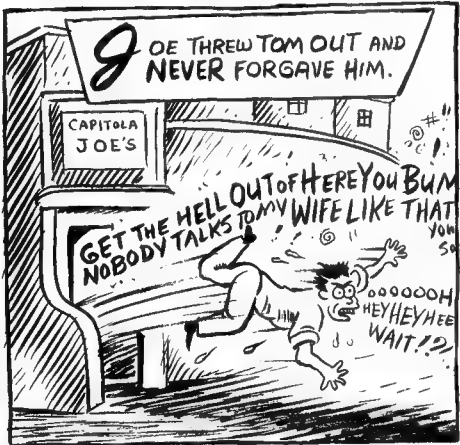
JOE AND HIS WIFE HELEN CLEANED THE RESTAURANT UP AND RENAMED IT.

WHEN THEY REOPENED, FATE STEPPED IN.



TOM SHAREEM, THE LANDLORD, MADE THE FATAL MISTAKE OF INSULTING HELEN.

you DRUNKEN OLD BITCH...



JOE THREW TOM OUT AND NEVER FORGAVE HIM.

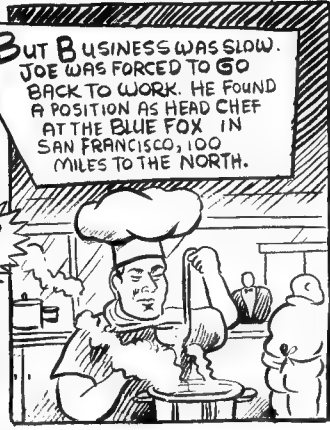
GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE YOU BUM NOBODY TALKS TO MY WIFE LIKE THAT

HEY HEY HEE WAIT!?

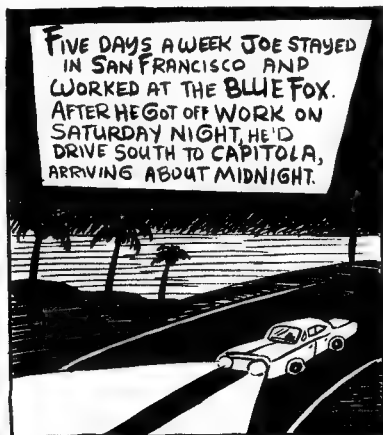
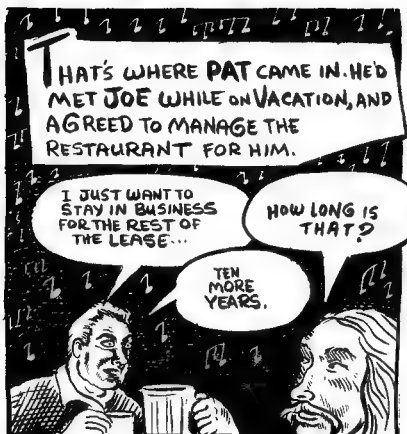


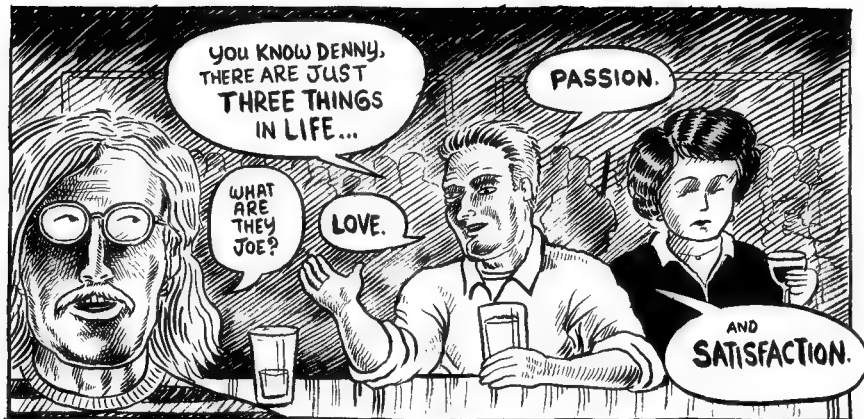
THIS WAS UNPLEASANT, BECAUSE TOM LIVED IN AN APARTMENT THAT ABUTTED THE RESTAURANT. AFTER MAKING A SERIES OF ATTEMPTS TO DISLODGE JOE, TOM SETTLED INTO A SILENCE BEYOND THE WALL.

HEY SHAREEM! IS THE MUSIC LOUD ENOUGH FOR YOU? NO ?? *#@%* WELL, I'LL TURN UP THEN!



BUT BUSINESS WAS SLOW. JOE WAS FORCED TO GO BACK TO WORK. HE FOUND A POSITION AS HEAD CHEF AT THE BLUE FOX IN SAN FRANCISCO, 100 MILES TO THE NORTH.





BUT SATISFACTION!

WHAM!

I'VE GOT MY SATISFACTION!

I'M SATISFIED
BECAUSE I
KNOW THAT
TOM SHAREEM, THAT
DIRTY, ROTTEN, NO-GOOD
SON OF A BITCH...

MAY HE
ROT
IN
HELL...

I'M SATISFIED
BECAUSE I KNOW
THAT TOM SHAREEM
IS GOING TO EAT HIS
HEART OUT EVERY
MINUTE OF THE NEXT
TEN YEARS

BECAUSE
I'M HERE
TO STAY!

NOBODY INSULTS
MY WIFE AND
GETS AWAY WITH
IT, NOBODY!

AND JOE WOULD POUND HIS FIST
ON THE WALL AND SCREAM
AT TOM WHILE EVERYBODY
WATCHED IN AWE...

WHAM!

SHAREEM! I KNOW
YOU CAN HEAR
ME!

WHAM!

I HATE YOU
YOU BASTARD!
WHAM!
WHAM!

...EVERYBODY BUT
ONE.

END

ONE SUMMER
IN SANTA CRUZ,
I HEARD ABOUT
A WOMEN'S
FESTIVAL AT A
LOCAL PARK.

I WAS IN
SEARCH OF
FEMALE
COMPANIONSHIP.

SO I
DECIDED
TO CHECK
IT OUT.

WRITTEN BY
PENNIS P. EICHHORN
ILLUSTRATED BY
STANLEY W. SHAW

WHEN I GOT TO THE PARK, THERE WERE
PLENTY OF WOMEN... BUT NO MEN.
WOMEN WERE SITTING IN GROUPS, LISTENING
TO OTHER WOMEN PLAYING MUSIC ON
A SMALL STAGE.

I TOOK OFF MY SHIRT, AND
LAID BACK ON THE GRASS.

I FELT A SHADOW, AND OPENED MY
EYES. THERE WERE THREE WOMEN STANDING
THERE LOOKING DOWN AT ME.

WOMEN'S FESTIVAL

WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?" ONE ASKED ME.
"JUST LOOKING
AROUND," I ANSWERED.
THEY LOOKED AT ONE
ANOTHER, THEN BACK
AT ME.

"YOU'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO
BE HERE," ANOTHER
SAID. "THIS IS
A WOMEN'S
EVENT, NO
MEN ARE
WELCOME."



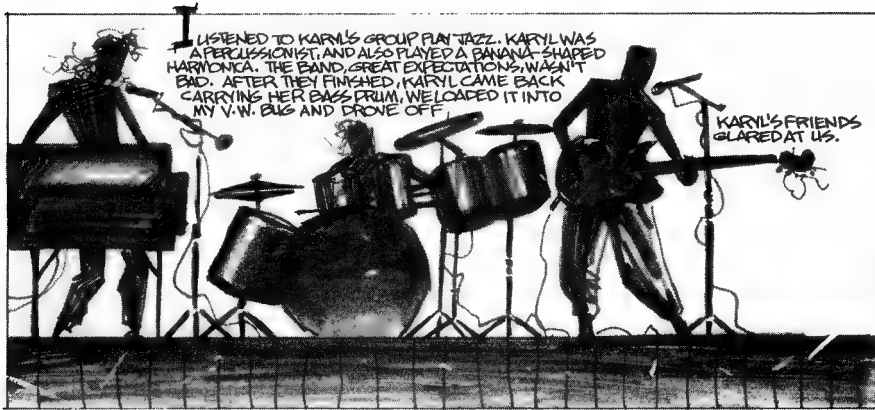
"DON'T BE
SUCH A SEPARATIST
ALICE," THE FIRST
WOMAN SAID. SHE
HUNKERED DOWN
NEXT TO ME.
"WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"
SHE ASKED.
"DENNY," I
TOLD HER.
"I'M KARYL,"
SHE SAID.



"COME ON, KARYL," ONE OF
THE OTHER WOMEN SAID.
"WE'RE UP NEXT."
"OUR BAND IS GOING TO
PLAY," KARYL TOLD ME.
"STICK AROUND AND LISTEN
IF YOU WANT TO."
"I WILL," I SAID, "MAYBE
LATER WE COULD GET
TOGETHER FOR A DRINK
OR SOMETHING."

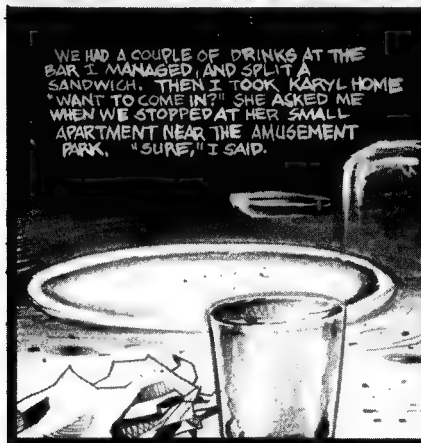


KARYL LOOKED AT
ME LONG AND HARD.
"ALL RIGHT," SHE FINALLY
SAID. "I'LL MEET YOU BACK
HERE AFTER OUR SET."
SHE STOOD UP AND
WALKED OFF.



I LISTENED TO KARYL'S GROUP PLAY JAZZ. KARYL WAS A PERCUSSIONIST, AND ALSO PLAYED A BANANA-SHAPED HARMONICA. THE BAND, GREAT EXPECTATIONS, WASN'T BAD. AFTER THEY FINISHED, KARYL CAME BACK CARRYING HER BASS DRUM, WE LOADED IT INTO MY V.W. BUG AND DROVE OFF.

KARYL'S FRIENDS GLARED AT US.



WE HAD A COUPLE OF DRINKS AT THE BAR I MANAGED, AND SPLIT A SANDWICH. THEN I TOOK KARYL HOME "WANT TO COME IN?" SHE ASKED ME WHEN WE STOPPED AT HER SMALL APARTMENT NEAR THE AMUSEMENT PARK. "SURE," I SAID.

INSIDE KARYL BREWED SOME TEA. HER PLACE WAS FULL OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, BUT WAS OTHERWISE QUITE AUSTERE. SHE TOLD ME THAT SHE WAS JEWISH, AND HAD ONCE BEEN MARRIED. SHE AND HER HUSBAND HAD BEEN IN THE PEACE CORPS IN GHANA, BUT HAD SPLIT UP AFTER RETURNING TO THE STATES. NOW SHE WORKED PART TIME AT A RADIO STATION, AND SPENT MUCH OF HER TIME PLAYING JAZZ MUSIC WITH HER FALS. SHE ALSO STUDIED JUDO THREE NIGHTS A WEEK.



IT WAS LATE, I GOT READY TO GO. "WHERE DO YOU LIVE?" KARYL ASKED. "IN CAPITOLA." I SAID, "WITH SOME PEOPLE WHO WORK AT THE BAR."

"YOU CAN STAY HERE TONIGHT IF YOU WANT TO." SHE OFFERED, LOWERING HER EYES. "I'D LIKE THAT." I SAID, AND IT WAS TRUE.

KARYL WENT TO THE BATHROOM WHILE I WAITED. SHE TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS, I FOUND THE BED WHICH WAS COVERED WITH A ROUGH ARMY BLANKET.

KARYL WAS THERE, NUDE, TREMBLING. I TOOK OFF MY CLOTHES AND LAID DOWN NEXT TO HER. WE EMBRACED, THEN KISSED, THEN WE SCREAMED.

IT WAS GREAT.

THE ROUGH TEXTURE OF THE BLANKET... AND KARYL'S BOTTLED-UP PASSION. WE WERE BOTH AS HORNYY AS RABBITS. AFTER A TIME, WE HAD SEX AGAIN. OTHER'S ARMS AND DRIFTED OFF TO SLEEP. SUPPDLN THE DOOR FLEW OPEN AND THE LIGHT WENT ON.

THEN WE LAID IN EACH



THERE WAS ALICE, KARYL'S BANDMATE, TEARS STREAMING DOWN HER FACE. "KARYL, HOW COULD YOU?" SHE WAILED. THEN SHE TURNED AND RAN FROM THE APARTMENT, SOBBING HYSTERICALLY. KARYL LEAPT OUT OF BED AND RAN AFTER HER. I SAW THEM ARGUING IN THE FRONT YARD, BATHED IN MOON LIGHT. KARYL UNSELFCONSCIOUSLY NAKED, TRYING TO PLACATE ALICE. ALICE FINALLY BROKE AWAY AND RAN OFF DOWN THE STREET. KARYL CAME BACK INSIDE.

"MAYBE I'D BETTER GO," I SAID. "NO, THAT'S ALL RIGHT," KARYL ANSWERED. "ALICE THOUGHT SHE OWNED ME, BUT NO ONE OWNS ANYONE."

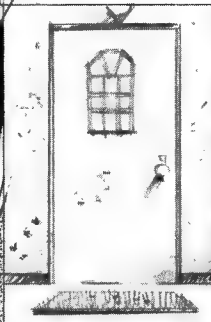


SHE GOT BACK IN BED, BUT THE SPELL WAS BROKEN. SHE SHIED AWAY FROM ME, CURLED UP IN A BALL AND WENT TO SLEEP ON ONE SIDE OF THE BED. FINALLY, I FELL ASLEEP MYSELF.

WHEN I WOKE IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL CALIFORNIA MORNING. SUN, A BREEZE, THE SMELL OF FLOWERS IN THE AIR. KARYL'S CAT WAS SITTING ON MY CHEST, STARING AT ME. I GENTLY STROOKED ITS FUR.

I TURNED AND LOOKED AT KARYL. SHE WAS AWAKE, AND OUR EYES MET. WE REACHED FOR EACH OTHER, AND MADE LOVE WHILE THE CAT WATCHED. IT WAS THE BEST YET. AFTERWARDS, AS WE HELD EACH OTHER WHILE OUR SWEAT COOLED, SHE WHISPERED, "THE THIRD TIME'S A CHARM."





AFTER THAT I SAW KARYL OFTEN. ON THE NIGHTS I WORKED, I'D CLOSE THE BAR AND GO TO HER PLACE. SHE'D LET ME IN, AND WE'D HAVE A BIT OF STRENUOUS SEX. OTHER NIGHTS, WE'D HAVE DINNER AT HER PLACE AND LISTEN TO JAZZ WHILE WE SCREWED. WE WERE BOTH SATISFIED.

BUT WE NEVER WENT OUT. OUR AFFAIR WAS A MONTH-OLD, BUT CONFINED TO KARYL'S APARTMENT. ONE NIGHT, I ASKED KARYL, "DO YOU LIKE TO DANCE?" "YES I DO," SHE SAID. "THEN LET'S GO DANCING," I SUGGESTED.

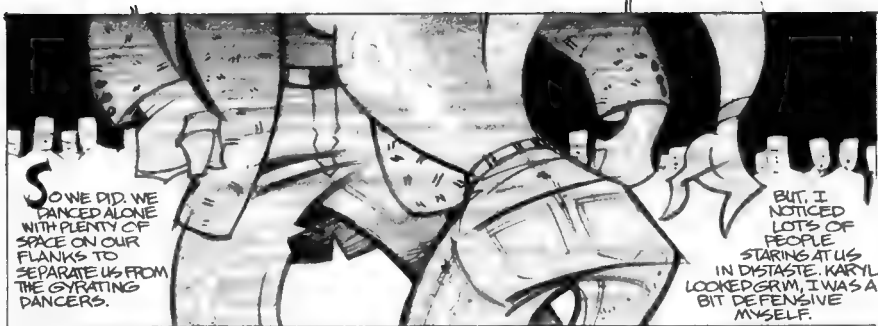


KARYL KNEW OF A PLACE CALLED THE TRAPDOOR. IT HAD GOOD MUSIC. WE DROVE TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF SANTA CRUZ, WHERE THERE WERE LOTS OF WAREHOUSES. THE TRAPDOOR WAS A BIG CONVERTED WAREHOUSE, WITH A LOW-KEY FACADE AND CEMENT FLOOR. THE DOORMAN STARED AT US UNCERTAINLY AS WE PAID THE COVER AND WENT IN.

THERE WAS A LONG BAR AT ONE END OF THE BIG ROOM. MEN CLUSTERED AT ONE END, WOMEN AT THE OTHER. DISCO MUSIC BLARED, AND PEOPLE PAIRED OFF TO DANCE, BUT THE PARTNERS WERE ALL OF THE SAME SEX... MEN DANCING WITH MEN ON ONE SIDE OF THE DANCE FLOOR, AND WOMEN DANCING WITH WOMEN ON THE OTHER SIDE. IT WAS AS IF A MASON-DIXON LINE RAN THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THE DANCE FLOOR TO SEPARATE THE SEXES.



KARYL AND I WENT ONTO THE FLOOR. WE BEGAN DANCING ON THE FRINGE OF THE MEN'S SECTION, ONLY TO RECEIVE HOSTILE STARES FROM THE MEN. WE MOVED TO THE WOMEN'S SIDE WITH THE SAME RESULT. "WHERE SHOULD WE DANCE?" I WHISPERED. "HOW ABOUT THE MIDDLE?" KARYL SUGGESTED.



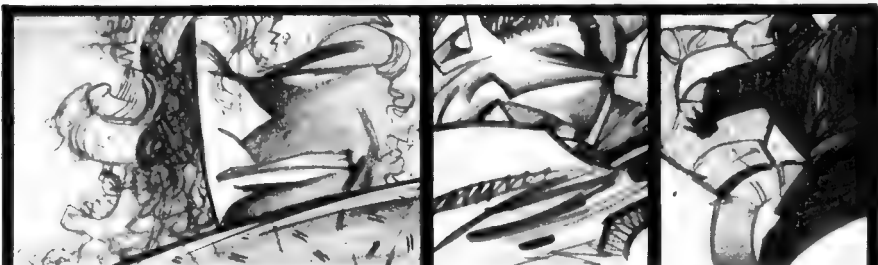
SO WE DID. WE DANCED ALONE WITH PLENTY OF SPACE ON OUR FLANKS TO SEPARATE US FROM THE GYRATING DANCERS.

BUT, I NOTICED LOTS OF PEOPLE STARING AT US IN DISTASTE. KARYL LOOKED GRIM, I WAS A BIT DEFENSIVE MYSELF.



WHEN THE TUNE ENDED WE MOVED TOWARDS THE BAR FOR A DRINK. SUDDENLY WE WERE JOSTLED HARD BY A LARGE GUY.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" HE SNARLED. "YOU'RE A COUPLE OF HETS!"



"GET OUT OF OUR WAY!" KARYL SNAPPED.

THE GUY SHOVED HER HARD. SO, I SHOVED HIM BACK, HARDER. HE TRIPPED AND FELL DOWN. "I'LL KILL YOU," HE SPIT AT ME AS HE LURCHED TO HIS FEET.



THEN I FELT A HAND CLAMP DOWN HARD ON MY SHOULDER FROM BEHIND. I TWISTED AS I GRABBED IT, AND FOUND MYSELF PUTTING AN ARMLOCK ON THE DOORMAN.

"LET GO!" HE SAID, AS I TWISTED HIS ARM. "IF YOU WANT TO FIGHT, GO OUTSIDE!"

THERE WAS AN EXIT DOOR TO THE ALLEY, AND I WALKED THROUGH IT, TRAILED BY THE GUY WHO'D SHOVED KARYL. WE SQUARED OFF.



HE CAUGHT ME WITH A GOOD ONE, RIGHT ON THE NOSE. I GRAPPLIED WITH HIM, AND LOST MY FOOTING IN THE MUDDY ALLEY.



AS WE ROLLED IN THE MUD, WE SLUGGED EACH OTHER FURIOUSLY. FINALLY I GOT ON TOP OF HIM, AND FOUNDED HIM A FEW TIMES IN THE FACE. HE WENT LIMP, AND I STRUGGLED TO MY FEET.



KARYL WAS FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY, SURROUNDED BY A GROUP OF WOMEN. I SAW ALICE TALKING TO HER ANIMATEDLY. AS I WALKED TOWARDS KARYL, SHE MOVED IN MY DIRECTION. ALICE TUGGED ON HER ARM, AND KARYL SHRUGGED AWAY. THEN ALICE PUSHED KARYL FROM BEHIND AND KARYL LOST HER BALANCE AND PLOTTED FACE DOWN IN THE MUD! KARYL SPRANG TO HER FEET.

I COULD SEE THAT KARYL WAS FURIOUS. SHE RAN AT ALICE AND HIT HER WITH A FIST IN THE STOMACH. ALICE WHOOSSED! AND BENT OVER. ANOTHER WOMAN GRABBED KARYL FROM BEHIND, AND KARYL FLIPPED HER OVER HER HEAD WITH ONE OF THE PRETTIEST TUDO THROWS I'D EVER SEEN. THEN SHE STEPPED TO MY SIDE AND TOOK MY HAND.

"YOU'RE ALL MUDDY, PENNY," SHE SAID.

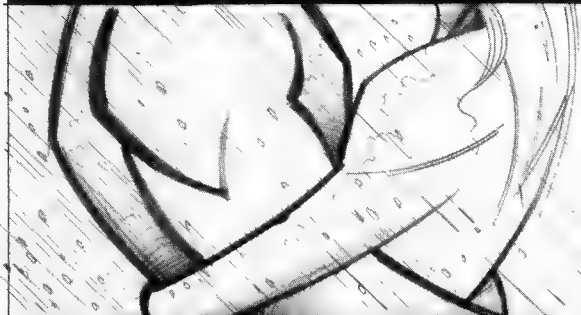
"YOU ARE TOO KARYL," I RESPONDED.

"LET'S GET OUT OF HERE," SHE SAID.

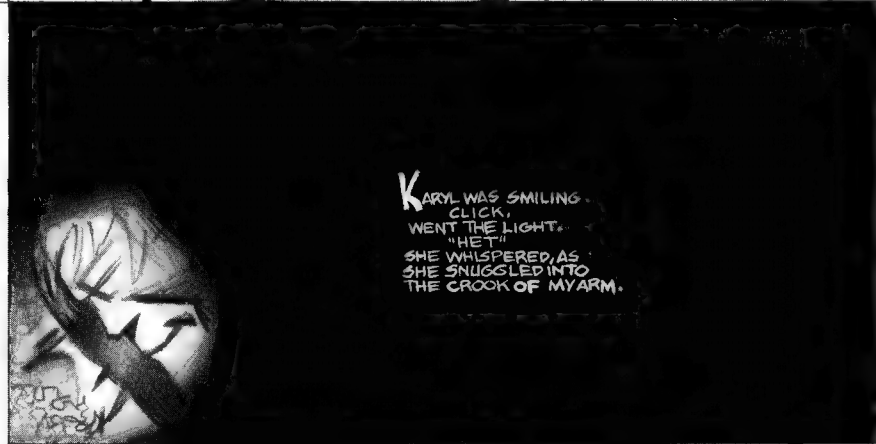




W E WALKED BACK INSIDE AND ACROSS THE VAST CEMENT FLOOR, THROUGH THE CROWD OF MEN AND WOMEN, STILL MASSED IN TWO GROUPS. AS WE WALKED, THEY HISSED AT US: "HETS! DIRTY STINKING HETS! GET OUT OF HERE. YOU LOUSY HETS!" BUT NO ONE TOUCHED US AGAIN. ALTHOUGH A FEW SPIT AT US, WE MADE IT TO THE FRONT DOOR AND OUTSIDE, THEN FOUND MY CAR. WE CLEANED OFF THE MUD AS BEST WE COULD WITH A COUPLE OF TOWELS, AND THEN DROVE AWAY.



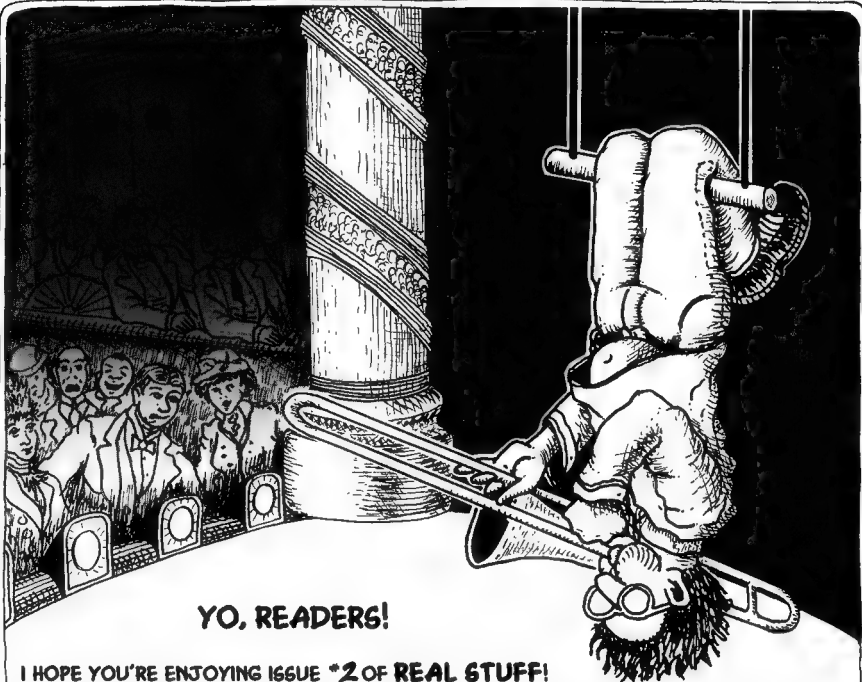
A T KARYL'S APARTMENT WE STRIPPED OFF OUR MUDDY CLOTHES AT THE DOOR. THEN WE TOOK A SHOWER TOGETHER. LATER IN BED, WE HAD THE BEST SEX EVER. AFTERWARDS AS WE LAID PANTING, KARYL REACHED UP TO TURN OFF THE LIGHT. I TURNED AND LOOKED AT HER.



KARYL WAS SMILING. CLICK, WENT THE LIGHT. "HET" SHE WHISPERED, AS SHE SNUGGLED INTO THE CROOK OF MY ARM.

AND THEN WE WENT TO SLEEP.

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SOAP OPERA

STORY:
DENNIS P. EICHORN
ART:
ROBERTA GREGORY

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I WAS LOOKING FOR A JOB IN SEATTLE,
AND I APPLIED FOR A JOB AS A
BARTENDER IN A SMALL LOCAL TAVERN...

THE NEXT
MORNING...



Umm... 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups times
FOUR is... NO, that's
the wrong recipe...
-- PAPRIKA... gotta
remember to use LOTS
OF PAPRIKA...

THE MANAGER HIRED ME AS THE REGULAR COOK. EVERY DAY
I CAME IN EARLY, CLEANED AND READIED THE KITCHEN,
AND THEN MADE LUNCH. SOMETIMES I HELPED OUT BEHIND
THE BAR. IT WAS AN EASY JOB. THE TAVERN WAS OWNED BY
TWO HUNGARIAN REFUGEES, ELIZABETH AND CARL, WHO
BOTH WORKED THERE. SO DID THEIR DAUGHTER, LISA. SHE
WAS MARRIED TO A GUY NAMED ROY WHO WORKED FOR
THE SEWER DEPARTMENT.



Did you see the look he gave you when you said that to him?

So, he SHOULD have stayed in school...

He's probably up to his knees in SEWAGE right now!

THEY ALL MADE FUN OF ROY WHEN HE WASN'T AROUND.

I FELT SORRY FOR HIM.



LISA AND HER MOM WERE USUALLY THERE WHEN I REPORTED FOR WORK IN THE MORNING. THEY'D WATCH SOAP OPERAS ON A HUGE PROJECTION SCREEN...



BOTH OF THEM WERE RELIGIOUS VIEWERS, NEVER MISSING AN EPISODE OF THEIR FAVORITE SOAPS. PRETTY SOON, I STARTED GETTING INTO THEM, TOO...

ONE MORNING, LISA AND I WERE ALONE IN THE TAVERN...

Dennis... I want to ask you something...

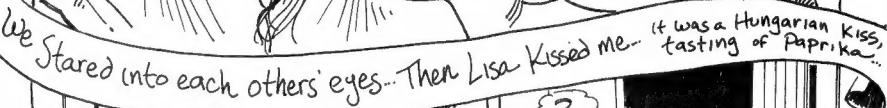
Sure...

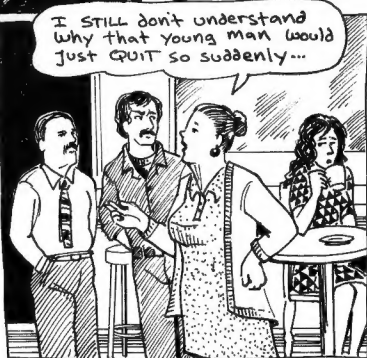


Do you think it will be like that when I start having affairs?



No... I don't think it
will be like that at ALL...





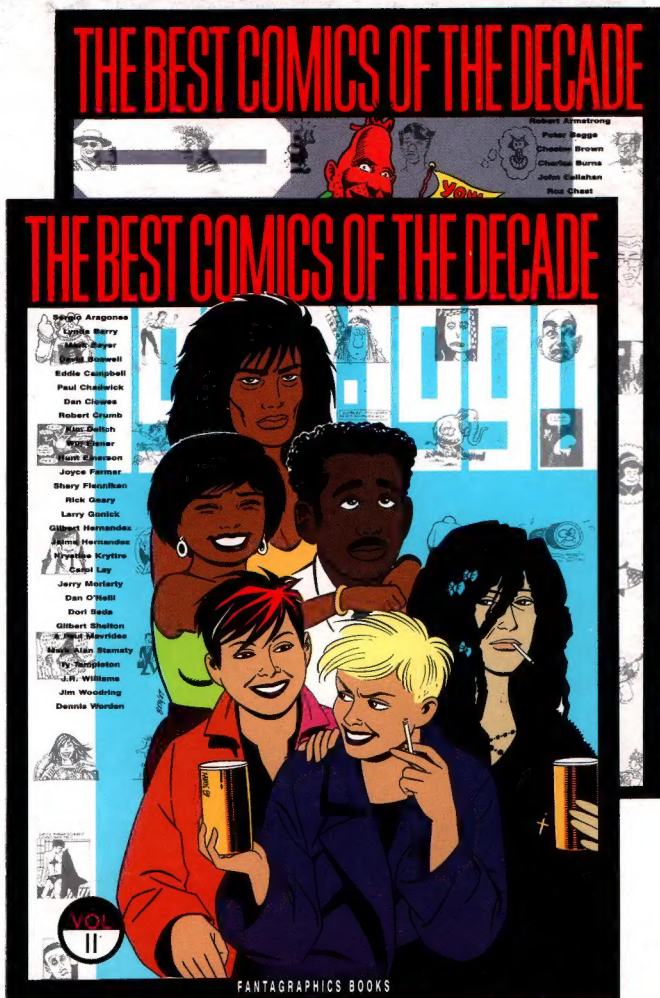
I CALLED IN SICK THE NEXT DAY...

I NEVER SAW LISA AGAIN, NOR DID I WANT TO. BUT, I DO THINK I ANSWERED HER QUESTION. • END •

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